THE

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A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

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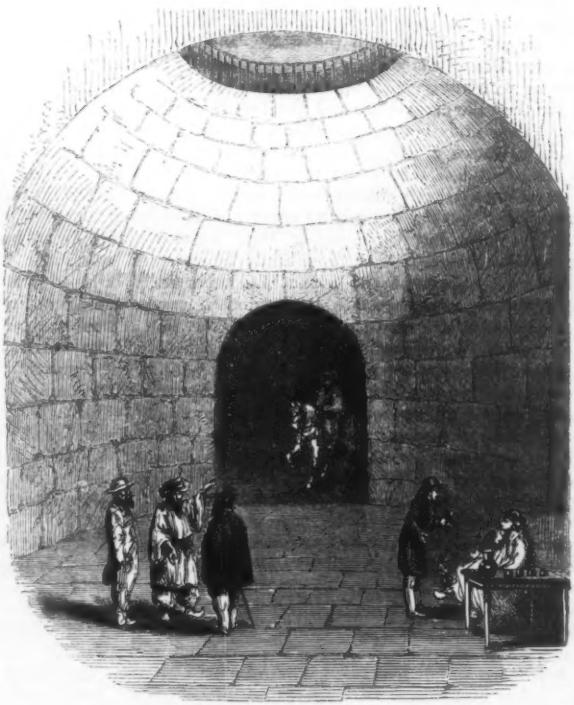
A VISIT TO CYPRUS—No. V.

PAPHOS TO FAMAGOSTA.



FAMAGOSTA GATE.

THE wind blowing gently off the land, and the light of the moon favouring us, we were enabled to weather the easternmost cape in Cyprus about an hour after midnight; then, altering the boat's course, we drew nearer in to the shore, and, the land-breeze growing stiffer apace, we bolled

merrily onward on our course. It was now time to seek repose for our weary eyelids; and, stretched out on the deck, partly shrouded from the heavy night-dew by a couple of old sails that the Arab captain had obligingly suspended over us, awning fashion, we slept soundly and refreshingly till the light of morning unsealed our eyelids again. There was a fine bold coast to windward, for the land-breeze still blew, though with far less vigour than during the night. Now and then, in the numerous bays and inlets, we descried an occasional hamlet, pleasantly situated by the sandy sea-beach, and sheltered with Cyprus trees and olives. Then the land-breeze gradually subsided, and the sea was as tranquil as a lake; the boat was becalmed, and the small kedge-anchor let down to prevent us drifting with the tide.

The heat of the morning was intense, and the refraction from the chalky shores produced an intolerable glare: these were evils, however, which were speedily remedied by the structure of a temporary awning; and when this was completed, the sponge-fishers, who are almost an amphibious people, betook themselves to the water, and we sat and witnessed the really marvellous feats these men performed. They had not much hope of meeting with any sponges on this coast; but they dived and swam about more for the sake of exercise and practice than with a view of profitable labour. The sandy bottom hereabouts was distinctly visible through the clear, calm waters of the ocean, and we could ever and anon trace the small shoals of fish that swept to and fro. Here it was their delight to drop some large weighty matter, which would speedily sink to the bottom, and to dive for this and bring it up again was an untiring source of amusement. The most surprising part of these aquatic performances was the length of time which some of these hardy fishers could hold their breath: they were all natives of the island, and from early boyhood had been brought up to the profession. It was not an uncommon event, we were informed, that some, more foolhardy than the rest, should tamper with themselves till they burst a blood-vessel. Bleeding from the nose and ears was with them an ordinary event; and sometimes these people become a prey to voracious sharks, or are seized with cramps, which paralyze them in the water, and they never rise to the surface again. Happily we were not a witness to any of these tragic events. The day was remarkably propitious for those of their calling, and we could distinctly see the shadows of these men prowling about the submarine beach for several seconds after they had dived down to the bottom, and this in water nearly three fathoms deep.

By-and-by the dark ripple on the distant horizon warned the reis, or Arab captain, of the approach of the welcome sea-breeze. Stragglers were summoned on board again, the awnings taken down, and the sails trimmed, and in a few minutes afterwards the anchor was weighed, and we were flying over the billowy sea, with our boat's head directed off the land, so as to secure a good offing to enable us to weather the many little headlands on our lee-bow. Towards the afternoon the breeze blew stiffly, and as night came on it increased into a perfect gale, which never abated for two days and a night. The third morning, after buffeting with the waves and tempest, ourselves and all the crew drenched to the skin, half-starving with hunger, and nearly parched with thirst—for it was quite out of the question to light a fire, and the provision of water was so small as to compel us to put ourselves upon a scanty allowance—we had the unspeakable satisfaction of casting anchor off the town of Fame

gosta; and with thankful hearts, and a secret determination never to risk our lives again in so small a boat at such a season of the year, we landed, and were courteously received by a native consular agent, at whose house we lodged during our brief sojourn in the town.

Famagosta is a fine old town, replete with old buildings and ruins, and containing, perhaps, one of the finest mosques in Cyprus, which is reported to have been anciently a Christian church dedicated to St. Sophia. The fort is also well and strongly built, and always kept well garrisoned and well provided with ammunition, and other military stores. A castellated old ruin hangs over the harbour in a most commanding position, and the harbour itself is considered the best sheltered in the island; which, however, is not saying very much for its safety, as the whole island is subject to frequent tornadoes, which blow from all quarters of the globe.

In importance, Famagosta may be said to rank next to Nicosia, the capital, both as regards population and traffic. Several of the native merchants carry on an extensive trade with Tarsus, Adalia, and other parts of Asia Minor; they also supply the interior with many of the necessaries and luxuries of life. Mastik rakia, a spirit much in vogue amongst the natives, and considered by medical men as an excellent tonic, is here distilled in great quantities, and of a superior quality to that made in any other part of the island. The houses were compact and strongly built, the streets less filthy than the usual run of Turkish streets, and the natives appeared to be a quiet, industrious, civil people, much devoted to commerce, and apparently possessing less of the knave than their brethren at Larnacca.

The population was computed at about eight thousand souls; two-thirds of whom are said to be Greeks, and the remainder Mohammedans. Both creeds herd together on the best of terms, and some families inhabited detached wings of the same house. The environs of the town—which we visited on horseback, having been kindly provided with animals by our hospitable host, who also accompanied us and acted as cicerone—presented every appearance of affluent luxury. Some of the orchards were arranged with great taste, and contained pretty little summer-houses, to which the wealthier inhabitants resort during the greater heats of July and August. Pomegranates, oranges, lemons, formed perfect groves and avenues: and as we rode amongst them, inhaling the sweetness of the wild honeysuckles that clustered round the thickly-set hedges, the handsome black-tufted Arab bulbul twittered to its mate, or, with crest erect, perched in the sunshine on the loftier branches of the cypress-trees, eyed us askance and with suspicion; scores of linnets and goldfinches sang amongst the branches of the trees; and pretty little Greek damsels, with tight-fitting dark-silk boddices, and flowing white robes, their hair parted neatly under the smallest imaginable red cap, tripped merrily to and fro with basket-loads of deliciously-ripe grapes upon their heads, invariably stopping as they passed to wish the kali mara (good morning).

Beyond these gardens we came upon a vast extent of well-cultivated grain land; and further on than these were several small villages, surrounded by extensive mulberry-plantations, the inhabitants of which mainly subsisted upon the annual supply of silk, and by hiring out their services as reapers at harvest-time to the lords of the manor that lived in Famagosta.

During our stay, the Greeks were observing a fifteen days' fast; and the master of the house where we lodged being of the Greek persuasion

rigorously adhered to the observance, though he ate at the same table with us, and our palates were suited with more desirable food than the meagre fare daily set before him. We had turkeys and ducks and mutton, dressed in twenty different styles, and an endless variety of pastry, which the poor man helped us to unsparingly, whilst obliged to content himself with a few miserable olives, a crust of bread, and a glass of wine, or a still less enticing mixture, composed of rice and oil and red chillies, mashed up with onions. But one Friday morning there was a dreadful commotion in the house—the Patriarch had granted a permit for the Greeks to feast on a peculiar species of fish on this favoured day; so that there was hardly a Greek in the town who had not been out all night, and, up to his neck in water, hunting for the desired luxury. This they had fortunately obtained in great abundance; and when we sat down to breakfast, the whole atmosphere was impregnated with a fishy smell. The lady of the house and all the servants were busy making ready the longed-for repast; the host sat smacking his lips, impatiently hurrying on the servants with alternate threats and beseechings; and when at length a huge dish, all smoking hot, was placed upon the table, to our dismay all that we could discover was a detestable-looking inky mixture, on the greasy surface of which onions were floating indiscriminately with parsley. Being pressed, however, to partake of this dainty, we could not well, without causing great offence, refuse; so we tamely submitted; and we must confess that we were most agreeably surprised by the flavour of the unsavoury-looking dish. The natives call this fish sepia, and it is well-known in the Levant under the soubriquet of the ink-fish.

Having thoroughly recovered from the fatigues of our late perilous voyage, and seen all worth seeing in Famagosta, we bade adieu with sincere regret to our kind entertainers, and quitting the town at half an hour before sunset, we rode forth, accompanied by a couple of consular cawasses, who were to accompany us as far as Nicosia. Though the autumn was now well advanced, and the weather had been boisterous, and even cold at times, the heat seemed to have returned with renewed energy, and it was therefore deemed expedient that we should travel by night. The roads were good and perfectly safe; and though the moon did not rise till late, or, rather, early in the morning, it was a beautiful starlight night, and both horses and guides were well acquainted with the roads. Besides these advantages, the plains of Nicosia swarm with flies, which are a source of great annoyance to both horse and rider; and this nuisance was avoided by travelling by night. Apart from this, however, our jaunt was most disagreeable; it was all very tolerable for the first hour or so, when the conversation never flagged for a minute: but at length all interesting topics were exhausted; our guides had smoked their throats dry, and sung themselves hoarse; the very animals got drowsy, and began to stumble over the level road; and whenever any mishap like this occurred, the muleteer would roar at the horses till they pricked up their ears at his well-known voice, and redoubled their speed for a hundred paces, or so; then every one was nodding drowsily again, and in peril of dropping off the saddle and falling fast asleep by the roadside. Now and then a discordant owl hooted from some solitary tree or ruined old church, and hungry packs of jackals whined to each other from distant outposts. But as we rode further into the night, even these sounds gradually ceased, and the most intense and painful

silence reigned all around us. It was too dark to see far, or to enable us to distinguish any leading features of the country over which we were passing.

Throughout the night there was a distant rumbling of thunder, and vivid flashes of lightning to the N.E., but, luckily for us, the storm kept away. Now and then the barking of dogs warned us that we were passing near some village or other; and once we heard a cock crow, which was a happy signal that the night was now rapidly on the wane. About three in the morning we halted by the roadside and lit a fire, on which the muleteers very soon prepared us some excellent coffee, and then we wrapped ourselves warmly in our capotes, and, using the horses' saddles for pillows, were soon in the land of oblivion and dreams.

Such, however, are the ordinary troubles and enjoyments of all travellers in the East.

It was a fine bright morning, with the sun only just peeping above the horizon, when we first came in sight of Nicosia. The town is pleasantly and airily situated on an elevation in the centre of a vast plain, surrounded by a strong and well-built fortress, through whose many portholes the guns loomed heavily. In the distance, above the battlements, in gradual ascent, rose the houses of the town, the Pasha's palace, the domed hummums, or Turkish vapour-baths, and, above all, gracefully spiring towards the skies, some ten or a dozen elegant minarets, surmounted with gilded cupolas and crescents, that shone resplendently in the morning sun. This picture was prettily variegated by the foliage of tall trees, tastefully planted along the ramparts, and in the enclosures and gardens attached to the private residences of the inhabitants.

The suburbs of the town were in a high state of cultivation; and in some places, where the harvest had been already reaped, oxen, cows, and sheep were browsing—quite a novel sight to us in Cyprus, and one that promised fairly, as far as milk and butter were concerned. As we approached nearer to the entrance-gate, the high towering walls excluded all other things from sight, and we began to encounter those inseparable features of the outskirts of a Turkish town—dustheaps, dogs, and innumerable beggars. Most of these latter unfortunates were suffering from acute diseases of the eye: and very clamorous and importunate they were, till the two cawasses displayed their silver-headed canes—insignia of office, and mystic wands, which had the instantaneous effect of silencing the mendicant hordes, who slunk away to their respective positions, there patiently to await the ingress and egress of wealthy and charitable Turks, who seldom pass them without showering a few coppers, for the possession of which a scuffle invariably ensues. And now we had arrived at the Famagosta gate, the handsomest of the three gates of the town: to all appearances it was a subterranean passage; for no sooner had we passed through the massive portals before we were enveloped in misty obscurity. As the eye got accustomed to the darkness, however, objects worthy of admiration and surprise presented themselves. Suddenly we came upon daylight again, and found ourselves riding under a lofty cupola, in the centre of which there was a circular opening, which admitted the light. Round this place sundry small tradesmen of a speculative turn had established small booths, where coffee, milk, bread, sherbet, and many other Oriental dainties and requisites, were temptingly displayed for sale; and these people drove a thriving trade, paying dearly to the local government for the privilege, but making ample amends for this by the

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extortionate prices they charged. Native travellers, however, especially foot-passengers, arriving weary, thirsty, and hungry, after many hours' fatiguing trudge through dust and heat, or in winter, through cold and wet, found the temptation offered them to refresh themselves irresistible, and either sherbet and sweetmeats were in great demand, or coffee and pipes. But the two latter had decidedly the advantage of the others; so we, too, at the entreaty of our guides, alighted, and conformed to the general usage; and we had our small cup of coffee, and our large, long pipe; and then we sauntered about, and made the discovery that this gateway was really a very admirable contrivance, and one that did great credit to the Greek or the Turk, or whoever he was, that contrived it. This gate is composed of one vast cylindric vault, covering the whole ascent from the country below to the elevated plain on which Nicosia is built, and entirely constructed of large hewn stone; and, judging from the time that we had occupied in passing through one-half of it (for the cupola is situated in the exact centre of the gate), nearly four hundred yards in extent.

Having finished our survey, we mounted again, and in two seconds more were again in impenetrable darkness. Then there was a something looming in the distance; the light rapidly increased, and finally we emerged from the sombre causeway into the glorious sunshine. Half blinded from the sudden change, we winked and blinked and winked again; and each time we did so we saw something surprising—now a house; now trees; then a mosque; then a street thronged with gaily-dressed people: and when we could stare at all these without winking at all, then we arrived at two conclusions simultaneously—first, that we had arrived at the city of Nicosia; and secondly, that we had come to our journey's end.

BRITISH INDIA.—No. V.

PENANG.

In Pulo-Penang there is an abundant supply of the most excellent water, numerous streams flowing from the hills in every direction, affording great facilities for irrigating the land. Three of these streams, after running some little distance, unite and form what is called the Penang River, which discharges itself into the sea about one mile south of the town. Ships have from the first always been supplied with water from this spring, but they had originally many difficulties and delays to encounter, owing to the shallowness of the mouth of the river, where, at low water, a disagreeable muddy flat stretches across, so soft that boats once striking can never hope to get afloat again till the tide serves. This evil has, however, now been remedied, the water being carried by a subterranean aqueduct right up to the pier-head, and ship-boats have the free use of hoses to conduct the water into the casks.

The inhabitants of Penang may be classed as follows:—1st. British; 2nd. Descendants of Dutch families; 3rd. Half-castes and Portuguese; 4th. Chinese; 5th. Chooliahs, or native Coolies of Madras; 6th. Malays; 7th. Buggesses; 8th. Burmese; 9th. Parsees; 10th, Bengalese; 11th. Achenese, with natives from Java and Sumatra. The British residents on the island are the president, councillor, the recorder, the chaplain, the garrison surgeon, the magistrate, the master-attendant, the officers of the

regiment of infantry, and the detachment of artillery in cantonment, the regimental doctor, one or two staff officers—these are all Government officials, and the most of them liable at stated periods to be changed to other settlements: thus, the recorder of Penang, almost invariably after serving a few years, is promoted to be puisne judge at Madras, and the military are relieved every three years. The rest of the British, with one or two exceptions, are merchants or planters: the exceptions are D. Smyth, a private practitioner and a dissenting missionary.

In addition to these there are Parsee, Arabian, and Choolie merchants —a fact which speaks volumes for the mercantile value of the island and the intrinsic worth of its productions. But I never in my travels visited any other settlement of a similar small size that was so compact in all the wants and luxuries of a large and flourishing place. The church was a perfect model; the tablets and tombstones in it the handsomest I have ever cast my eye upon. The court-house was big enough to try all the inhabitants of Penang at one sitting; the masonic lodge kept up its feasts and processions in the best of style; and the little theatre, where amateur performers acted twice a month, had an orchestra in the military band, and some of the best got-up scenery we had ever witnessed in India. And then there was a ladies' school—a regular, right-down, thorough-good boarding-school and day-schools for the buds that promised to burst forth, and one day become the belles of Penang. This school was kept by two old ladies; and really some of the girls who had been educated there gave ample evidence of the excellence of tuition as practised at the school of Mesdames Wallace and Russell. Marrying advantageously, many of them were carried off as brides by the red-coats frequenting the island. The descendants of the Dutch families are numerous, but very few of them have retained the opulence and station in society of their ancestors. Amongst these the most respected and numerous family is that of Rodyk. Old Rodyk himself enjoyed a pension from the East India Company, and his sons and grandchildren formed a little colony of themselves, one son being sub-registrar of the Supreme Court, and the others in the civil employment of the Straits. The half-castes and Portuguese are a very numerous class, and find themselves the same hardened, slighted set that these unfortunates are all over India. Chiefly descended from illegitimate parents, in the course of generations intermarrying amongst themselves, these half-castes have formed a distinct race of people, inhabiting, in common with others, the vast continent of India; and so numerous are they becoming, that it is difficult to look into the future without an ominous foreboding that, meek and humble as they now are, subservient to the dictum of the lowest European menials, and treated with abject scorn by the very Pariahs themselves, they must eventually either be exterminated from off the face of the earth, or else assume for themselves a position in society to which many of them, in an educational point of view, are well entitled. The only offices open to this neglected people are the most hard-slaving and the worst-paid in all India. They are writers in Government and commercial offices, apothecaries and shopboys and sailors; many of them, after twenty years' hard labour and honesty, have barely thirty pounds per annum to support themselves and families. In Penang, they, as well as the Portuguese, are of the lowest order, and have barely the wherewithal to satisfy the cravings of nature.

The fourth class of inhabitants are the Chinese; these are by far the most numerous, the most active, and most useful. Of these the upper

classes are shopkeepers, land and house proprietors, and nutmeg and pepper planters. The lower orders all follow trades, and many of them are excellent craftsmen—these are smiths, carpenters, shoemakers; the rest are butchers, bakers, and fruit and provision vendors. I never met with a single instance, during my stay at Penang, of a Chinaman in want of the common necessaries of life: some have to fag hard to make both ends meet, but they manage to do this by never-tiring industry and energy. The Chooliahs are mostly emigrants from Madras, who, finding a difficulty in procuring their much-loved curry and rice in India, come over to Penang, where they get an easy living as porters, boatmen, tillers, and labourers. Some amongst them take in linen and get it up for you. In India you never hear of a laundress—it is always "my dhobie or washerman," and "my serving man." These people never bring over wives with them, but they usually settle and get married in the Straits, taking for wives women who have been brought over from the coast of Pedir in Sumatra, and sold as slaves to Arab and other native merchants. One or two of the Chooliahs are wealthy traders; and one in particular is the largest shipowner out of Penang, his vessels being principally manned and commanded by natives trading up and down the Straits, or bringing annual cargoes of rice from Sumatra or Chittagong: there were also a few vessels employed in the timber trade from Moulmein. The Chooliahs are mostly a humble, quiet people—as great cowards, however, as they are arrant knaves.

The Malays inhabiting Penang occupy one exclusive portion of the island. Here we observe the same strange feature in this race which is to be found amongst the Malays of Sumatra, and even exists amongst the Chinese—a distinct classification of features between the males and the females; for whereas the former are uniformly high-cheekboned, squalid, with Chinese eyes and African lips, many of the latter might be taken as a model for a Grecian Venus—with that mild, sweet simplicity of countenance and loving eye which is never to be met with in the man. The Malay's features are an index to his heart and vindictive spirit: there is murder in his beetle-brow, deceit in his under lip, insatiable revenge and a diabolic thirst for bloodshed in his small, glaring, bloodshot eye.

Some Malay women have been married to Europeans of a lower grade, artillery soldiers, and the like; and I have seen the descendants of these, of both sexes. In the man, there was not the slightest trace of the Malay; and one lad, that served as a Lascar on board of the vessel that took me to Sumatra, was as docile and tractable as a lamb. But I must candidly confess, that unless lured by the prospect of rich booty, the Malay will not seek a quarrel with a European. They make excellent sailors, hardy, fearless fellows, that will face the heaviest gale without one tremor or thought of fear; and this particular adaptation has unfortunately been the cause of so many tragical catastrophes which have been, and still continue from time to time, to be recorded. Captains and mates of vessels manned by Lascars, especially those who have newly entered that peculiar service, accustomed heretofore to the bluff, reckless conduct of English sailors, and unfortunately too much addicted to the disgusting practice of swearing most loathsome oaths, persevere in pursuing exactly the same line of conduct to the Lascars placed under their command, and they are by far too fond of using their fists and the rope's end. Even the poor, broken-spirited Bengalese and Coramandel Coast Lascars will barely brook this system of insult and ill usage. The mates of vessels, more

especially, are apt, in newly joining, to collect a complete vocabulary of Hindostanee and Malay oaths; than which it may be remarked no languages in the world seem to afford a wider scope for, or have a greater collection of, abominable phrases. Many mates makes use of these as a parrot would, without comprehending one word of what they say; but Malay seamen and Manilla sea-cunnies never wait to reflect upon this matter. A blow from you they might possibly overlook, but a curse never: be sure that you are a marked man for vengeance, which they only bide time and opportunity to work. We hope to be pardoned for so far digressing from the subject, when our motive for so doing is a hope that the 'Home Friend' may be perused by seafaring people, and guard them against falling into a fatal error.

The Malays at Penang are a rather indolent set, but there are amongst them cunning workmen in gold and silver filigree-work. Next to the Malays come the Buggesses, a race from Borneo and the Celebes, who, though thorough Malays in features and manners, differ from them materially in language. These inhabit a small town on the Penang River, and keep aloof from the other natives: they make good and valiant soldiers, and are equally well fitted to be sailors. Many of them make annual voyages in their proahs, bartering cloth and gold-dust for opium and iron. The former is as much smoked in Penang as in Siam or China; but it is not a prohibited article of commerce. Even the Madras sepoys here stationed are addicted to the habit of chewing bhang, a deleterious narcotic, as fatal in its effects as the abuse of opium. The Burmese and Siamese, though enemies elsewhere, live harmoniously together in the small village at Penang; they are principally fishermen, and own stokes and fishing-boats, from the proceeds of which they supply the market, selling the surplus and refuse fish to the planters, who use it as manure. Of Parsees there are but very few, and these are all well-to-do in the world. Besides the foregoing there are a few Bengalese, Achenese, Javanese, and natives from other parts of Sumatra. These are chiefly employed as domestic servants and grooms; the Bengalese groom, or syce, being the most active muscular man it is possible to imagine. They think nothing of running at the head of the Achenese ponies, which draw the shigrampo, or palanquin-carriages, in Penang, at an amazingly rapid pace (and which are never driven by a coachman), without ever stopping a moment to recover breath; and when arrived at their journey's end, they seem as fresh as though they had been only walking a mile.

At the census taken in 1797, the population of Penang was estimated at 6,937 souls; five years afterwards it amounted to 12,000; and at the present day it is computed to amount to very nearly 65,000 souls; and this, notwithstanding Penang having made a retrograde movement as regards her commercial influence, is owing to the rapid growth and importance of the sister settlement at Singapore.

Penang produces pepper, beetlenut, beetleleaf, cocoanuts, coffee (in a very small quantity), sugar (the quantity yearly augmenting), indigo (of which the same may be said), cotton, paddy, ginger, yams, sweet potatoes, and a great variety of vegetables and fruit; amongst the latter of which are mangostein, ramboteen, and pine-apples—the pineapples grow wild, and are used by the Chinese for feeding their swine. The fore góing were found growing upon the soil when the island was first taken possession of. The exotics since introduced are nutmegs, cinnamon, pimento, kyapootee, colalava, and other plants from the Moluccas and Eastern Isles.

Gamootee, of which black coir-rope is made, grows wild; and the gutta-percha tree has been found. In no country in the world does the nutmeg appear to have found so congenial a soil as at Penang; and the pepper plant has been introduced with an equally happy result. In 1801 a census of some of the more valuable plants and trees was taken, when the following result was published:—

Pepper vines, under 3 years' growth . . .	733,349
,, from 3 to 6 years' ditto . . .	532,230
Total vines . .	1,265,579
Beetlenut trees	342,110
Cocoanut ditto	32,306

At that period the nutmeg plant had not been introduced; and it is hardly necessary to say that this plant, from its intrinsic value, has superseded in importance every other production of the island. We have already had occasion to notice a nutmeg plantation in our sketch of Glugur, on the estate of the Messrs. Brown; further on we shall visit a pepper-vine plantation, and briefly remark on its first introduction, adaptation, and culture. The beetlenut-tree is totally distinct from the beetleleaf-tree, the former being a species much resembling the palm-tree, and growing to a considerable height; the latter is more of a creeper than a plant, with large flat deep green leaves. Both are as essential to the comforts of the Malays, Chooliahs, and other natives (the Chinese excepted), as are the tobacco and the chunnu they roll up with the *quid* which is perpetually distorting their cheeks. But the beetlenut possesses an intrinsic value in the markets of China, to which place shiploads are annually sent from Sumatra. It is used in China, in some dyeing process which those clever people have discovered, and which does not yet seem to have transpired. The ginger is preserved in Penang by the Chinese, as well as it is done in China. Of yams there are many species, but one in particular merits attention: it is of Sumatran origin, and I have there seen it growing wild in the densest jungle, affording subsistence to the wild boars, which are plentiful on the banks of the river Pisangan on the Pedir coast. This root, when freshly extracted from the jungle, has much the appearance of the ordinary Indian yam, excepting as regards size, the former being twice as big as the latter: on cutting it a thick blistering milk exudes, gummy to the touch, and nauseous to the taste. The vegetable in its crude state has a brown coating, with the pith as white as snow; when boiled and served, however, it has undergone a complete metamorphosis, the whole of the interior being of a most beautiful deep violet hue; in flavour it in every respect resembles the yam.

Indigo was for the first time introduced into Penang in 1838 and 1839. I saw the first crop gathered, and was in the island when the first indigo produced was hailed as eminently successful. The articles imported into Penang, in the earlier days of her commerce, consisted of opium, grain, iron, steel, hummums, guerahs, bafties cassas, tanjabs, mamoodies, chintzes, and a few fine goods: all the foregoing were imported from Bengal. From Bombay and Malabar, Penang received cotton, salt, piece-goods, redwood, sandalwood, sharks' fins, fish mote, pulchuk, myrrh, Surat piece goods, oil, &c. From the west coast of Sumatra, pepper, buyamin, camphor, gold-dust; from Achen and Pedir, gold-dust, beetlenut, white and red cut,

chickory, pepper, rice, Achen cloths and ponies, which latter are of a breed much superior to the general run of ponies in India. Diamond Point imports into Penang ratans (the celebrated, called Penang Lawyers), sago, brimstone, and gold-dust. East coast of Sumatra—tin, pepper, Java arrack, sugar, oil, rice, tobacco, and birds of Paradise. The island of Junk-Ceylon supplies Penang with tin, birds' nests, beche-de-mer, sepah, and elephants' teeth. Trigano, in the Gulf of Siam, sends pepper and gold-worked cloths. Borneo, gold-dust, sago, and blackwood. The Moluccas, spices; and from China, Penang annually receives tea, sugarcandy, lute-strings, velvets, paper, umbrellas, China ware of all kinds, quicksilver, nankeens, tutenague, sweetmeats, pickles, raw silk, copper ware, China, camphor, China root, alum, and ginger. This long array of costly articles, gathered from the annual returns of the commerce and trade of Penang, proves to what an extent trade has thriven on this beautiful island, though now in the hands of only a few speculative merchants. I need not observe that almost all the above-enumerated commodities are only imported into Penang for the purpose of being transshipped and exported again into India, Britain, Europe, and America; but, in addition to these, the annual exports of the island may be classed as follows, viz.:—

To East and West Coast of Sumatra.
- Cotton.
- Piece goods, received from India.
- Opium, iron and tobacco.

To Junk-Ceylon.
- Piece goods and opium.

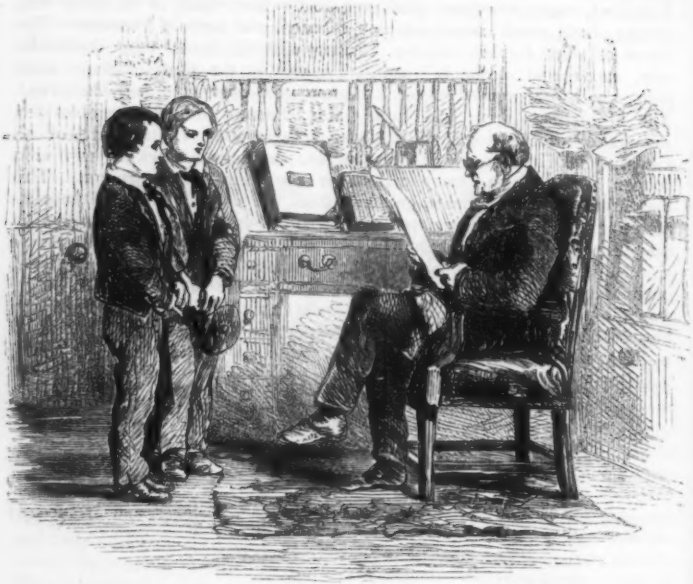
To Tringano. (The same to Java, Borneo, Celebes, and Moluccas.)
- Iron and steel.
- Bengal piece goods.
- Blue cloth.
- European coarse red, blue, and green cloth.
- Common cutlery.

To China.
- Opium, cotton, ratans.
- Beetlenut, pepper, birds' nests, and sharks' fins.
- Sandalwood, and Sumatra camphor.
- Beche-de-mer, latch, and sepah.
- Tin.

To India.
- Pepper, tin, beetlenut, cut and chickory ratans, camphor, gold-dust, nutmegs, spices, &c.

So far back as 1802 one thousand tons of pepper were shipped for Europe, valued at not less than 50*l.* sterling per ton of 20 cwt. This quantity has been gradually increasing; but everything sinks into insignificance when brought to be compared with the increase and thriving commerce carried on in spice alone. The whole island may be said now to consist of one vast nutmeg plantation, thousands of tons being annually shipped for Europe, India, the Persian Gulf, and America. Such is the present condition of Penang, which, not more than half a century ago, was a desolate island, covered with dense forests, and affording shelter only to the Malay tigers that happened to swim over from the opposite coast, or to the equally ferocious Malay pirate.

NO LIE THRIVES.—No. VI.



The following Monday, Frank entered on his month's liking. A few days aftewards it was agreed between Mr. Sharman and the friends of his senior apprentice, that, on account of the ill-health of the latter, his indentures should be given up. Frank immediately communicated this intelligence to Willis, who as quickly reported it to his mother. Mrs. Richmond, without loss of time, waited upon Mr. Sharman, and informing him that it was at her request that application had been formerly made to him, expressed her anxiety that he would consent to receive her son. Mr. Sharman was well acquainted with her character, and with the manner in which she had brought up her children. He made no favour of meeting her wishes, but kindly and promptly acceded to them.

"I am solicitous on one point alone," said she; "I hope you will not object to my son being an indoor apprentice."

Mr. Sharman heard her with pleasure, and at once assured her that such an arrangement was in exact accordance with his wishes.

"The only indulgence I ask," said she, "is that my son may be allowed to spend the Sunday at home."

"Willingly," replied Mr. Sharman, "provided that he goes to church in the morning with me. I like to have my whole family around me at a place of worship, that we may acknowledge one Head, one bond of union, share one interest, and be influenced by one mutual example. He may join you at the church door when the service is over, if you please; and

if he is in at eight o'clock in the winter, and nine in the summer, I shall be satisfied."

Every arrangement having been concluded, the following Monday was appointed for Willis to enter on his month's liking. The apron and sleeves were made by Ellen, who declared it was quite a becoming dress to him. It had been agreed that Willis should sleep at home till he was really bound apprentice. The evening, therefore, was anticipated with the greatest pleasure by all three, and regret was mutually felt as the time approached when the gratification was to cease. Willis had, indeed, requested his mother to allow him to be an outdoor apprentice as well as Frank, but her firm, yet kind denial, satisfied him at once, and the subject was dropped.

Three weeks had elapsed since Frank first went to Mr. Sharman, when the latter called on Mrs. Richmond.

"I am going to speak to my solicitor about Frank Davis's indenture," said he; "he has been a little longer with me than your son, but if you like, and Willis wishes to continue with me, the indentures of both shall bear date the same day. I am pleased with what I have seen of him, and hope the feeling is mutual."

Mrs. Richmond assured him that her son was very happy, and in her own name and his thanked him for his kindness.

"But, Miss Ellen," said Mr. Sharman, "must not look so grave at me. I understand her meaning, and hasten to make friends with her. I know she does not wish to part with her brother one evening before the time first named, nor shall she. It must never be said I broke faith at the very beginning, lest neither she nor her brother should depend upon me for the future. I told you so," continued he, returning the smile Ellen directed towards him, and speaking to her. "You must come and see your brother sometimes. I have a daughter who I am very sure would be pleased to be acquainted with you."

He shook hands with Ellen as he departed, while she, on her part, declared afterwards to her mother, that she felt sure Willis could not fail to be happy with one so kind as Mr. Sharman appeared.

The last evening that Willis was to spend at home might have been a sad one, had Mrs. Richmond encouraged any such feeling either in herself or her children. She was grave, indeed, but not melancholy; the passing admonition of the parent was relieved with the more cheerful allusions that were made to the prospects of her son, and the comforts that awaited him in a family like Mr. Sharman's.

"I have not a great deal to say to you, Willis," replied she, in answer to the question he had asked, whether she had told him all she wished. "Nothing indeed with respect to the subjects we have been conversing about. But listen to me, the anxious heart of a mother thinks nothing done, whilst anything remains undone, which she believes may benefit the child she loves."

Willis grasped the hand of his sister, while the eyes of both were earnestly fixed on the countenance of their mother, which, though not agitated, was marked with an expression very different from that calmness which usually distinguished it.

"Willis," said she, "you are now about to take your first step alone, as it were, in life. All henceforth will, in a great measure, depend upon yourself, for the aid of God must depend upon your seeking it, whether your career shall end to your shame or to your honour, in your success or in the failure of your hopes. But remember, beyond the faithful

observance of those means which can lead to a happy result, on your shunning those ways which inevitably induce to the contrary, you can have little cause to claim merit to yourself, even should you be prosperous beyond all expectation. Let not your mother's parting exhortation ever be forgotten. Honour and obey your master, serve him in all fidelity and with all respect. Look upon him as a friend, reverence him as a parent, as your superior and your example in all things. Remember that your mother's happiness is bound up in your good conduct, and that your performance of your duty to him and to me is the performance of your duty to your Father and to your Master who is in heaven; the obligation is one, the end and recompense the same. Be honest, be diligent, be contented, be grateful, be guilty of no meanness, and be careful to practise that self-denial in all things which it has been my study to inculcate on you from your infancy." Her voice trembled and the tears rose to her eyes,—she arose. "Good night, my dear boy," said she, kissing him, "I shall never close my eyes without first praying for you; oh never, never forget to pray for your mother!"

"Or for your own sister Ellen," cried the fond child, wrapping her arms round him, and sobbing.

Poor Willis was unmanned, in spite of his determination to show no symptom of weakness. "For shame, Ellen," murmured he, hiding his face in her curls. "Why this is no parting—think of Sunday."

"I will, I will," returned she; "and Sunday bids me think of heaven."

Foolish or evil expressions may well give us pain; why should holy words, uttered by pure lips and an innocent tongue, convey any sensation but that of pleasure? We know not, yet so it is: there are chords so fine in the heart that the very breath of an angel may cause them to vibrate to our distress.

At twelve o'clock the next day, Mr. Sharman and the two boys, with Mrs. Richmond (Mr. Davis having been prevented from attending), repaired to the office of Mr. Gardner, who having read aloud the indentures in a quick, monotonous tone of voice, proceeded to take the signatures of each; he then wished the lads "luck," and bade them be "good fellows," after which he exchanged a few words with Mr. Sharman, and dismissed them all. They walked a short way together, when Mrs. Richmond took leave of them, and Mr. Sharman and the boys returned to the shop. When they had reached it, he desired the two to follow him into his counting-house, a place raised some few feet at the further end of the shop.

"Boys," said he, "a clear understanding in every transaction of life is an important means towards a favourable result on the part of each concerned in it. You and I have this day entered into a solemn covenant with each other, the terms of which you ought perfectly to comprehend. The document I hold in my hand, though Willis's indenture is essentially the same as yours, Frank, explains the duties we have taken upon ourselves to fulfil, and needs only to be carefully considered and faithfully remembered to answer every desirable end. I shall therefore now read it to you leisurely, and I shall continue to do so on every anniversary of the day till you are out of your time."

He unfolded the parchment, and laying it before him read, first, in a lower voice the names of the parties, and then clearly and distinctly as follows:—

"To learn his art, and with him after the manner of an apprentice to serve from ——— unto the full end and term of five years from thence next following, to be fully complete and ended. During which term the said apprentice his master faithfully shall serve, his secrets keep, his lawful commands everywhere gladly do; he shall do no damage to his said master, nor see to be done of others, but to his power shall tell or forthwith give warning to his said master of the same; he shall not waste the goods of his said master, nor give them unlawfully to any; he shall not commit fornication, nor contract matrimony within the said term; he shall not play at cards or dice tables or any other unlawful games whereby his said master may have any loss with his own goods or others, during the said term, without licence of his said master. He shall neither buy nor sell. He shall not haunt taverns or playhouses, nor absent himself from his said master's service day or night unlawfully. But in all things as a faithful apprentice he shall behave himself towards his said master and all his during the said term."

He paused, "This is a serious engagement on your part," said he. "You shall now hear what I in return covenant to perform with you, that we may be a check the one on the other."

"And the said James Sharman, in consideration of the sum of ——— his said apprentice in the art of grocer and draper, which he useth by the best means that he can, shall teach and instruct, or cause to be taught and instructed; finding unto the said apprentice sufficient meat, drink, and lodging, and all other necessaries during the said term, his mother finding him clothing, washing, mending and medical attendance, and all other necessaries. And for the true performance of all and every the said covenants and agreements either of the said parties binds himself unto the other by these presents: in witness whereof the parties above named to these indentures interchangeably have put their hands and seals."

He turned towards the two boys who stood gravely before him. "Happy," said he, "will it be for us all three, if knowing what is required of us, our hearts shall tell us next year and the years to come, if we are spared to each other, that we have fulfilled our engagement to the best of our ability. The law has now made me your master, my desire is to be also your friend and parent; the first you cannot prevent, the latter must depend upon your own conduct. The root of all future well-doing is laid in obedience; remember then that my commands are binding on you, and that from a principle of what is due to yourselves as to me, I will see that they are punctually performed. One interest, however, must unite us; we are now members of one family; I will therefore have no disputing, no quarrellings, no jealousies. I will not punish you for every fault you may be betrayed into, for I know what is in the best of us; but I will overlook none, and that from a conscientious regard for my duty towards yourselves, your parents, and our mutual God and heavenly Master, which lays an obligation on me to instruct, admonish, and advise you. But the point above all others is this—you must be truthful. Never attempt to deceive me, or to deceive any one else. Act on all occasions in the spirit of the private mark long used successfully and honourably by myself, my father, and grandfather, and which I now communicate to you, 'No lie thrives,' and take it on the word of one who will never in any way knowingly mislead you, that the path of truth is not only the safest in business, but the surest, and the only one that will secure lasting prosperity. Be civil to every one, familiar with none; there is a degree of respect due to every

one, and there is no moment in which respect is not a duty you owe to yourselves. As for myself, with God's help, I will do my duty by you; I will set you the best example I can; I will instruct you to the best of my ability, and I will make you clever tradesmen if it be in my power. And now may God bless and prosper us, and may the recollection of this hour be, to the very end of our lives, a pleasure and a comfort."

He shook hands with the boys as he concluded, and led the way to the shop.

Evening came; Mr. Sharman read prayers with his family, and Willis heard the blessing of heaven implored on his own undertaking, and himself committed to the protection and guidance of Divine protection. His heart was full, and having exchanged "Good nights" with every one present, he followed Mrs. Sharman to his bedroom.

"You will find all comfortable, I hope," said she, as they entered; "the smaller bed is yours, the other is Mr. Benson's, who as you know will be at home to-morrow. I may trust you to put out your candle, I suppose?"

Willis assured her that he had been accustomed to do so. She then set the candlestick on the table in the window, and in a kind voice expressing a wish that he might sleep well, she withdrew, and closed the door after her. Willis cast a look around the apartment: all was indeed as comfortable as good management and propriety could make it; in many respects it was superior to his own bedchamber. His would have been an ungrateful heart if he had been dissatisfied; but nevertheless there was something wanting, or it might be he was unusually depressed and fancied at least that such was the case. In spite of himself the feeling he had tried to suppress grew more intense, and on a sudden obtained the mastery over him. His eyes swam in tears, and a deep sigh escaped from his bosom. He knelt down and said his prayers, and his heart was softened still more. His trial, however, was to come. It had been a custom with him at home, by his mother's desire, that he should rap on the wall which separated her and Ellen's bedroom from his, when he had put out the light, and the signal was always answered by one or other of the two; if by Mrs. Richmond, by a single rap, if by his sister, by three or four, and sometimes he could catch the sound of her sweet voice wishing him again good night.

There was now entire silence; he did not even know by whom the adjoining apartment was occupied, or if it was occupied at all. He threw a glance around, measured with his eyes the distance between him and the bed, then turning the extinguisher over the candle, he made a hasty step, and jumped into bed. The confession is his own, and need not therefore be suppressed. For a few minutes afterwards he continued to act the part, not of the man, but of the child, and to wet his pillow with his tears.

This weakness, however, if such it might be termed, returned no more. It was the first real sense that the tie which had bound him from his infancy to home and its beloved inmates was severed, that had caused his emotion,—an involuntary feeling, peculiar to an amiable and affectionate disposition, not partaking of regret or repentance for a step taken, though expressed with the outward show of sorrow. Willis's eyes were as bright next morning as the sun which had opened them; and he unclosed the shop windows with an alacrity and activity that showed all was cheerful within.

[*To be continued.*]

RAMBLES IN THE PYRENEES.—No. II.

CAUTERETZ is a curious little town, more than three thousand feet above the sea, consisting of between two and three hundred houses, the roofs of some of which are literally overhung by the enormous pine-covered mountains which form a formidable guard around them. The mineral springs which abound here are sulphureous and warm: there are no less than sixteen sources of these healing springs, which are esteemed among the best of those which have so long rendered the Pyrenean mountains the resort of persons who seek either the benefits or pleasures which watering-places afford.

Most foreigners when they seek the former, do so in earnest. From four o'clock in the morning till eight, the sight of all the pilgrims to these shrines of health is a curious, and, to English eyes, an uncommon spectacle. At an early hour, the morning after our arrival, we, too, were abroad, and took the road to the baths called La Raillére, which lie at the foot of a bare granite mountain, about a mile and a half from the little town. The road was uphill all the way—a wild desolate scene, its sides strewn with the wreck of mountains; and over masses of the same swept the torrents, or Gave, as all the mountain rivers are called in the Pyrenées, each taking its specific name from the valley or town to which it peculiarly belongs. How singular seemed to us that first sight of a Pyrenean watering-place! The road was literally thronged; and, as it was nearly the close of the season, at least towards the latter end of it, the assemblage was less fashionable, but much more picturesque and curious.

There was the native peasant woman, in her red or white capulet, with its black velvet border, hanging down each side of her face like a hood, her hands, as she walked along, busy twisting the distaff, or plying the knitting-needles. She does not, perhaps, look very ill, but she is able to afford a visit to the baths, and so she comes to them, taking care, however, that neither health-seeking nor pleasure-seeking interrupts the ceaseless spinning or knitting: indeed, the old-fashioned distaff, so long unseen in England, or the knitting-needles, now only used among us by aged fingers, appear to be almost natural adjuncts to Pyrenean hands. There you see also the real invalid, dragging feeble limbs along the toilsome road, because too poor to pay for a chair and its porters; to the credit of the French Government such persons can take the benefit of the waters gratis. And there is the droll-looking French tourist, perhaps from Paris, affecting the dress of the mountaineer without any other resemblance to him, wearing the berret or cap, and the bright red sash, which French visitors, even ladies, if they ride on horseback, choose to adopt when they come to "the mountains;" there is the monk in his thick coarse dress and sandalled feet; there is the poor Spaniard, carrying over one shoulder, with a proud air of dignity, the mantle that looks very like an English horsecloth; there are—if it is holiday time—abundance of French abbés, holding earnest and animated discussions among themselves; there is the grandee of Spain, walking as if the earth were his alone, his stately person enveloped in an ample mantle, and his head, on occasion of a bath, swathed in a great coloured handkerchief; and there are Spanish women also, with the third part of a cheek, and the whole of one dark eye gleaming out from behind the black mantilla that is drawn over the head and across all the rest of the face. Then there is a glimpse of a different kind, the pallid

face of a suffering nun; and then there is the rosy and laughing one of an English girl, though what the owner of that rosy face has to do with the waters of Cauteretz it would take some time to find out.

There are sights that touch the heart as well as those that amuse the eyes. That pale young conductor, for instance, in the smart uniform of his tribe in France, but with his head bound up as if he had been injured by an accident; he is supported on the stouter arm of a kindly brother conductor, who leads him to the panacea of "the waters," in search of the strength which will allow him to gain his living again.

Then there are the victims of excess, and sour-looking chronic invalids, who seem to think no one is ill but themselves; and there are chairs carried on poles by men who often carry stout gentlemen and ladies in them up mountains thousands of feet high, to let them see a view, or a lake, or to enable them to say that they have been so high. Sometimes on the road to the baths an interesting face is seen in these chairs, a drooping girl, or a declining mother, whose merry children run beside her; or a father, whose anxious wife attends him; and very often they contain those whose chief cause of malady appears to arise from idleness. Abundance of ease, and no care for others, bring so much care for oneself.

Few things among all the tastes and practices of the world seem to me more singular than the fashion which brings persons, who do not seek a cure, to watering-places, where we generally see miserable sufferers, anxious invalids, and restless pleasure-seekers, congregated together. In the Pyrenées one does not think of this so much: the invalids look and act as if they want to be cured; and the extreme beauty of the scenery in which these wonderful springs abound may surely form a reasonable motive for the visits of the healthful.

After breakfast we set off on the only excursion we meant to make from Cauteretz. As we did not want "the waters," we intended to leave a place which does not possess many other attractions beyond the singularity of its position. We had about six miles of a mountain path to travel; and a pair of nice small ponies, with a steady mountain guide, were soon ready. We soon entered the dark fir forest whose shade was a pleasant relief from the sun.

On the way was a charming cascade, formed by the falls of the river, which leaps down the precipices, its white torrents, its wild music, forming a beautiful variety to the savage grandeur of the scene. Our guide insisted on our dismounting, and walking down the wet slippery descent to the foot of the fall. A black mass of decayed vegetation, intersected by blocks of granite and roots of trees, the latter of which formed rests for our feet, seemed a very inviting region to enter on; but the guide, taking my arm, led me on in the manner in which doubtless he led hundreds of other travellers, using only the French words which were to guide me in placing a foot, "Here; there; no; like that; no; here; there;" and so we came down, and gazed up at the fine sparkling fall tumbling down through the thick shade of the black pines. And on the way back the guide said gravely, "Behold the rainbow!" I naturally looked up, but he told me to look down, and when I did so I beheld, not the "bow in the cloud," but the same beautiful effect produced on the smooth black rock that bounded the rushing stream. All the variegated colours of the rainbow shone on the wet surface of its side. It was beautiful.

The Pont d'Espagne, which name in English would be "Bridge of Spain," was the most wildly magnificent spot I had at this time seen.

The bridge is in character with the scene; it is rudely formed of the trunks of pine-trees thrown over the torrent, which is at that spot confined between the giant rocks, but it soon regains its liberty. Another stream meeting it, they leap into each other's arms, with a roar of delight that makes the wild solitary place re-echo the glad tumult, as they rush headlong away, celebrating their union and escape, with that deep mountain melody which is seldom long unheard in the Pyrenées—the voice of rushing waters and falling rivers. The junction takes place in the chasm under the bridge, the waters then dash away in picturesque falls; their roar is all that breaks the silence of nature; the great bare cliffs elevate their spires and pinnacles at one side, the pine mountains hem you in at the other; you stand on an open platform, look round you, and beneath you; and, feeling the solitary magnificence of the scene, your thoughts rise, for one moment, at least, above you, in an adoring sense of the power of the Creator of this world's majesty and loveliness.

We were to continue our ascent to the Lac (Lake) de Goube, chiefly in order to get a sight of the Vignemale, one of the highest mountains of France, white with never-melting snow. The road was difficult, quite through and up the fir-covered mountain, where prostrate trees, stones, intersecting roots, and rocks, caused our poor ponies some trouble. At last we came to an open spot where lay a lake of a deep-green colour, about two miles and a half in circumference, up at this great height in the mountains, and enclosed by bare precipitous rocks:—

"A lofty precipice in front,
A silent tarn below."

Silent it was, and rather desolate it looked to us. The mighty Vignemale, clad in unchanging white, rising up before it, the same in the glowing sunshine as in the tempest's gloom. One single house, that for the reception of visitors, alone appears here.

Perhaps the somewhat gloomy aspect I attributed to this lake was caused by the sight of a monument erected on its bank to commemorate the fate of a young English couple, who, while spending their honeymoon in the Pyrenées, were lost in this lake. I have seen accounts of this sad accident given by various travellers, and it is singular that there are no two of them alike; one says that the happy pair began to dance in the boat on the lake; another draws a picture of a young wife endeavouring to save her husband; another affirms that they had in sport taken the boat from the fisherman, who was left in agony on the shore to witness their death without being able to prevent it; a fourth, perhaps the true one, says, "no human eye beheld the accident." The woman who occupied the house when we visited Lac de Goube, told me that it was bad weather, that her father was rowing them over the lake, and that he and they perished. But she seemed very reluctant to speak or hear about it.

The next day we left Cauteretz to the bathers and water-drinkers, and set off to continue our rambles further in the Pyrenées.

Sometimes one is very fortunate in a guide: and as guides are indispensable in crossing the mountains, which we meant to do, it was not the least part of the good fortune that attended us that we met with a man who, though from his taciturnity and seriousness we named him "the melancholy Jacques," this being his real name, was yet all we could desire; and the pony he procured me was such a dear little animal as I still remember with peculiar affection.

Thus, then, we set off from Cauteretz, taking the road to St. Sauveur. It was nearly a solitary, and a very beautiful one. We had no interruption to our meditations, no "distraction" but the rushing, inconstant, fitful Gave, whose progress we watched when it could be seen, and listened to when it could not be seen; now flashing into sight, now plunging into caverns below; now sweeping by in a rapid flow, crested with white, but also displaying its lovely hues, varied as the plumes of some Eastern bird, from the darkest blue to the palest iron-grey; then, tumbling in one, or several, falls, down a rocky precipice, and sinking into a channel so low, so dark, so narrow, that its white foam is lost to sight, and a dark mass of water beneath the deep shade of rocks and drooping foliage, is guessed at rather than seen, till a bridge, or one of the many curves in the road, brings us again to it, free and foaming, one wave of white and blue, flowing down its rocky way. Who could be dull with such a companion?

Then above were the equally varied mountains; now bare, gigantic, but of diversified forms, lowering in awe-imposing, savage grandeur; now green and planted slopes, with lovely patches of such verdure as I believe Pyrenean skies and mountains can alone produce, bearing on the velvety surface the hut of the goat-herd or the shepherd, perched like the eyrie on high, but looking more out of place than the nest of the bird of the mountain would have been.

Great and mighty are the works of Nature, Nature itself the work of the God of Nature; and here is Nature's greatness and man's littleness strongly contrasted; yet is man the mightiest work of God, for he shall endure, though the everlasting hills should pass away.

We descended into the old road leading to the miserable town of Pierrefitte, now inaccessible for carriages; and thus had an opportunity of observing the great skill displayed in the construction of the new one, carried by means of an elevation of masonry to an immense height above us, and cut, in parts, entirely out of the solid rock.

How soon do those who would really enjoy travelling learn to dispense (of course when not invalids) with what are usually considered "necessary comforts!" How very likely are they to forget to consult Mr. Murray's 'Handbook' as to the best towns, and the most agreeable halting-places! The idea of even entering such an inn as Pierrefitte contains would, in England, be impossible, yet a cup of café au lait taken beside its kitchen fire was so acceptable, that we never thought of inquiring if there were not a better hotel to be found; for the clouds had discharged one of those torrents against which any protection, in the way of cloaks or umbrellas, would have been nearly useless if we had had them, and not having had them, we were almost as wet when we came in there as if we had been taken out of the bounding Gave.

The Pont d'Enfer is the French name of the old bridge which still stretches, between dark masses of rock, across the foaming torrent on the old road to Lux; which is the place where the fabrics called Barèges are chiefly manufactured, and not at that from which they seem to take their name. The Pont d'Enfer is a title which I do not wish to put into English; but certainly to gaze up at it now, hanging, as it seems to do, at least between two and three hundred feet above the modern bridge, one would think that some name signifying an approach to the skies would be more appropriate than that which implies that it leads in another direction. This strange-looking bridge marks the elevation of the old road, which is now replaced by one that does credit to the engineers of France. Looking

over the new bridge you see the great height at which even this lower road is constructed; you behold at an astonishing depth the river you had lost sight of; and how the ancient bridge that spans the same torrent so high above you could be traversed by mortal feet, becomes a mystery, for it seems to hang in air.

The old, difficult, and dangerous road, descends, the modern admirable one ascends, until they unite; and all along the Gave changes its character with that of its road. At one spot its course seems blocked up; the rocks overlap each other across its bed, and no outlet can be seen for the writhing, boiling, and murmuring flood: it gets out somehow, and goes on, wild and foaming; then quiet and quick; the rocky gorge opens out also; a fair fertile vale appears; agriculture is again seen; some white houses rise on the green slopes, and, at the entrance of the romantic defile of Gaverie, lies the neat and quiet village, or watering-place, of St. Sauveur.

That evening no one was inclined for a walk but myself: the sun was bright, and the air cooled by a shower: it was delightful to walk to Lux, and around St. Sauveur; therefore, attended by our melancholy Jacques, I set off for that purpose.

And what a sweet walk it was! a pretty, rural walk; sometimes by a scarcely traced path, where I suspect few visitors have been conducted, and which seemed quite such as suited the taste of our quiet guide, who walked before me, silently holding back the thorny wild rose, or gathering the loveliest little flowers, which he presented often without word or look. Part of the way also led along an elevated ridge, affording a fine view of the vale, while on its highest elevation stood an old ruined building called the hermitage, where Jacques—who always opened his lips when information was to be given—told me a hermit had dwelt long ago, and where the young Duke of Montpensier had lately dined with a large party. It looked to me like an old barn; but as variety lends a charm to most things, I dare say a prince would relish his dinner there. Then Jacques pointed out to me the fine old castle of St. Marie, standing on the height, and, as is common in the Pyrenées, guarding the entrance of the valley; and this old relic of feudalism he told me "was built by the English who once held all that country."

The knowledge which Frenchmen of the lower class generally possess of the history, or traditions of their own land, is far beyond what is commonly met among the same class in England. Everywhere through the Pyrenées you may hear these bold-looking feudalic ruins called English castles, and this one of St. Marie, which adds such picturesque effect to the beauty of the view, is really interesting to English wanderers, as being the remains of the last of those fortresses which our gallant Edward the Black Prince retained of all his Pyrenean possessions.

But the most remarkable and interesting object of this neighbourhood is the old Temple Church of Lux. It was built by the priest-soldiers, or Knights Templars, who have also left us their beautiful Temple Church in London, but it retains far more of the mixed character of church and fortress: it stands within a castle, whose battlemented and loop-holed walls at once recal the idea of the warlike and religious order, half monk half soldier, who once had a party stationed here to defend this entrance to France from the infidel Saracens, and afterwards from the ravages of the Spaniards.

It is impossible to pass within this fortified and interesting building, an erection it is supposed of the eleventh century, without having

the mind drawn more or less back to the stirring times when monks covered sackcloth with armour, exchanged the cowl for the helmet, the breviary for sword and spear.

Thus with thoughts wandering to the descriptions in Ivanhoe, and with the image of a Bois Guilbert before me, I stood meditating in the twilight gloom, when the strange murmuring sound of a low voice speaking neither French nor English struck on my startled ear: I looked forward from where I stood; the shades of evening rendered everything indistinct, but I saw, plainly enough, a dark figure in a long loose robe, flitting quickly backward and forward, uttering those sounds, and accompanying them at times by a rapid motion of the hands. I stepped hastily backwards as it approached me, and struck against Jacques, who had knelt at the portal of the church. He rose up and said, "There is the vicar."

It was indeed the vicar, or curate of the church, who was thus repeating his orisons half aloud as he walked.

So our walk at St. Sauveur ended; and I went back, in hope on the morrow to be able to explore the romantic defile of Gavernie, the entrance to which, as we passed it, looked strangely mysterious at that shadowy hour.

S. B.

[*To be continued.*]

SNOW.

In a crowded assembly-room at St. Petersburg, a pane of glass was once broken. The intensely cold air, which rushed in through this opening, congealed the vapour in the heated atmosphere of the room, and a fall of snow-flakes was the result. This is a good explanation of what snow is: a cold stratum of air meets with a warm stratum, and precipitates vapour from it in the form of rain, snow, or hail.

The snow-flakes of temperate climes are generally irregular in shape, but in severe arctic frosts they assume beautiful forms. Seen under the microscope, snow-crystals are a wonderful sight; some are star-shaped, some hexagonal, some like a beautiful lace-pattern, some prisms, with a flat cap at each extremity; indeed, their forms are utterly indescribable. In North America the wind sometimes rolls the snow into balls and cylinders; some of the latter are said to attain a diameter of two or three feet.

"As white as snow" is a common expression, and yet red and green snow are sometimes met with. These hues are found to be caused by minute animal and vegetable forms: animalcules in vast numbers and of great agility were seen by Shuttleworth in red snow. In 1813 a shower of luminous snow-flakes was observed on Loch Awe, in Argyllshire: they continued to emit light after they had settled on the sides of a boat, and on the clothes of the persons in it, whose hands remained luminous for some time after they had touched this snow.

Snow sometimes vanishes without any perceptible thaw: this is attributed to evaporation, which takes place even below the freezing-point. The snow-line, or limit of perpetual snow, varies from the height of several miles above the sea to the surface of the earth, which is always covered with snow within ten degrees of latitude from the poles. It is curious that the height of the snow-line is different on the N. and S. sides of the Himalaya Mountains.

In 1799 Elizabeth Woodcock was buried in snow for eight days, as she was returning from Cambridge to her own home. She lingered five months from the time of her release, and then died. The snow-storms of

Scotland are very severe: one occurred in 1794 of peculiar intensity. Seventeen shepherds lost their lives in the south of this country; and in the beds of Esk, where several streams run into the Solway Frith, there were found the bodies of two men, one woman, forty-five dogs, three horses, nine black cattle, one hundred and eighty hares, and eighteen hundred and forty sheep. The prodding or probing for sheep, buried under snow, is dexterously performed with long poles by those accustomed to it; but the most expeditious course is to employ dogs, and some are exceedingly sagacious in this work. In the winter of 1853, three soldiers, going from Plymouth to the prison on Dartmoor, were overtaken by a snow-storm and perished.

But the snow-storms of the Andes are much more formidable than those of Scotland: hundreds have perished in them, and brick huts are built as places of refuge during these tempests. The dogs employed on the Alpine Great St. Bernard have been often described. One of these noble creatures wore a medal, to commemorate his having rescued twenty-two persons from death: he was suddenly overwhelmed by two avalanches in 1816, whilst attempting to convey a man to his family, who dwelt at the foot of the mountain. Melancholy to relate, the family, who had set out to find tidings of the lost husband and father, were destroyed by the same avalanche. The greatest cold recorded at the Hospice of St. Bernard is 29° below zero of Fahrenheit, but it has often descended to 18° or 20° below that point. The greatest heat is 68°. Water boils at about 190°, so that it requires five hours to boil food, which elsewhere might be cooked in three.

The sides of the Jungfrau, the monarch of the Bernese Alps, are furrowed by avalanches, which may often be seen to fall hourly in the early part of summer.

Bridges of snow sometimes hide the cracks in the vast Alpine ice-fields. During an ascent of Mont Blanc, by Auldjo, the foremost guide had only time to spring back upon the ice from a snow-bridge, through which his baton slipped into the gulf below, followed by the bridge itself.

Snow supplies the Esquimaux with materials for building, and their dome-shaped huts of ice or snow are sometimes constructed with considerable skill. A circular plate of ice on one side of the roof admits a soft and pleasant light, and at night these huts present a singular appearance with their luminous disks. A bank of snow round the interior is covered with stones, first; then paddles, tent-poles, and blades of whalebone, are placed upon these stones; next come pieces of whalebone-network; and, lastly, birch-twigs. Deer-skins spread upon this heap form a luxurious bed. A clay lamp, with a wick of dry moss, serves as a fire. In a warm part of these singular abodes Parry found the temperature to be 38°, when the place was full of people and dogs; close to the wall it was 23°, whilst it was 25° below zero outside. In the spring, when the weather is too cold for tents, but too warm for huts, the dropping of water from the thawing snow greatly inconveniences the Esquimaux. The seal-hunter often erects a wall of snow, to shelter himself from the weather whilst watching for his prey. The seal bores a passage through the ice when it needs air, and produces a molehill of snow on the surface. The hunter listens for the animal by placing his head to the ice; and seated under the lee of his snow-wall, with his knees tied together to prevent any rustling of his clothes, he sometimes remains watching for hours. By means of a rod, pointed at one end and knobbed at the other, he ascertains that the seal has not abandoned the place, and when its blowing is distinctly audible, and the ice, therefore,

very thin, he drives his spear into the animal and thus captures it. Parry mentions an Esquimaux woman who had a little sledge made of ice, in which her son was conveniently and comfortably dragged over the snow.

In Canada, fifty pounds is no uncommon price for three small dogs trained for snow travelling, and the sagacity of these creatures in discovering a lost track is invaluable. Sometimes the traveller unyokes them from the sledge and lies down deep in the snow for the night, with his dogs upon him. A safe and comfortable bed is thus obtained, when to sleep on the surface would be fatal. The North American Indians easily spear the buffalo in the snow-drifts, which they can pass over by the aid of their snow-shoes, made of strips of hide stretched over a wooden framework. The Canadians use a similar shoe, whilst the Norwegians employ skates, made of fir, in their journey over the snow. The longer skate, which is about seven feet in length, is worn on the left foot, the other is about two feet shorter. On an ordinary road a good skater will outstrip a horse in a sledge: he can descend a steep hill with astonishing velocity.

The Swiss guides, as is well known, descend snow-steeps in a kind of sitting posture, and also by placing their feet together, and standing on their heels, whilst they incline backwards, resting on their batons.

The glare of the snow occasions a painful and distressing kind of blindness: to escape this the Esquimaux wear wooden shades over their eyes. In South America this disease assumes an aggravated form. A pimple forms on the eyeball, and the smallest ray of light is intolerable. A poultice of snow is applied as a remedy. A division of soldiers was once struck blind on a march from this cause, and many perished.

Snow-thirst is another discomfort experienced by travellers in snowy regions. Eating snow only adds to their suffering, but if it is first melted this thirst may be quenched. The poorest Neapolitan puts a handful of snow into his wine or water. The snow-shops are kept open day and night in the season, and this article is regarded rather as a necessary thing than as a luxury.

Animals have a thicker fur in arctic countries during the winter, and its colour, too, undergoes a change. The ermine is of a dingy yellow in summer, and the alpine hare and the arctic fox only wear their white costume when the winter comes on. The ptarmigan has a summer plumage of brown, grey, and white, beautifully intermingled. This gradually changes to a snowy white, with the exception of certain parts. Another curious instance of adaptation to climate is found in the change which the eyes of arctic animals undergo when the cold and dark season sets in. They then lose the black pigment upon which the retina is spread. The advantage of a white tint in rendering an animal less perceptible amidst snow, and especially in preventing that radiation of heat from its body which a darker coat would occasion is very apparent.

Delicate plants, as auriculas, saxifrages, grow wild in the Alps, whilst with us they often perish in winter. Their thick covering of snow protects them from frost. While the temperature above snow is 38° below zero, the ground beneath may be only at zero.

We are apt to consider the inhabitants of arctic regions as unfortunately situated, but Parry's account of the Esquimaux may help to moderate our opinions on this subject. Their chief want seems to be not a more genial climate, but a participation with us of the blessings of civilization and Christianity.

J. E. J.